Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1903. NUMBER 3

Down the hill the rest of the way,
And quite past noon the time of day.

A gentle slope, a sunset sky,
Halting feet, but a lifted eye.

Body growing tired and old;
Spirit will some day slip its hold.

Heart that has gained and lost with the rest,
And learned just loving is the best.

Afternoon, and this peaceful slope;
The sunset sky with its tale of hope.

Celia Parker Woolley,
in "The Western Slope."

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1903. NUMBER 3

We can, perhaps forgive our contemporary, *The Living Church,* its little outburst of priestly intolerance over the admission of Dr. Hale to the communion in Trinity Church, for the sake of the issue it raises. There has been too much glossing over the differences, too much confounding of the substances. Men and women have forgotten where they are. Episcopalians have prided themselves on being Unitarians in intelligence and conviction, and Unitarians have taken pleasure in masquerading as Episcopalians. But now we are told the difference. We are shown where the Episcopalian Church stands—in the shadow of the Church of Rome. And Unitarians are warned to keep away under dire penalties. Evidently the old superstition is not yet dead, that heretics and infidels always die of some horrible disease.

A story with a little more point than reverence, perhaps, is told in the Life of Dr. Joseph Parker, which has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Co. His Church in London, the City Temple, is within a stone's throw of Smithfield, the scene of the execution of many of the Christian martyrs. One of them, Anne Askew by name, Dr. Parker referred to in his church. A lady of birth and education, fearing God more than the face of man, she was burnt at Smithfield, refusing the King's pardon. When before the Lord Mayor of London, she was asked: "And what if a mouse eat sacramental bread after consecration? What shall become of the mouse? What sayest thou, thou foolish woman? I say," continued his lordship, "that that mouse is damned!"

"Alas, poor mouse!" was the reply of the heroic woman.

This "Life" affords very good reading. Hewn out of the Northumbrian stone quarries, Dr. Parker remained for all his days a block of rough granite. He was a man of immense strength of character and strong and eccentric expressions. But of all his expressions perhaps his reference to the Sultan of Turkey, on the occasion of the German Kaiser's visit to Constantinople, was the strongest and the most eccentric. It appalled his audience at the time, and sent a thrill throughout the Christian world. But it called out a loud Amen! in ten thousand thousand hearts. Speaking of the Sultan of Turkey and his terrible misrule, Parker said, with all the earnestness he could command: "God damn the Sultan!" And we are ready to say Amen! to that even yet. We have heard a great deal of late of possible trouble in Macedonia, and the papers have informed us of the dangers this threatens to Europe. Diplomats are congratulating themselves that for the present, however, the danger is past. Turkey has promised to carry out the reforms suggested by Russia and other European powers. But can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

Europe is directly responsible for the fact that the Macedonian Slavs remain under the rule of the Sultan. Englishmen have long repented their share in that act. They are ashamed of Lord Beaconsfield's sham imperialism which led them into it.

Europe is also responsible for the non-carrying out of the reforms promised in the Berlin Treaty of 1878. Will she see to the fulfillment of these new pledges? Will she see that these later evils are remedied, and these present-day atrocities are atoned for? Will she see that justice and humanity, religious tolerance and equality, security of property and safety of life and virtue, are secured to these Macedonians? This clearly ought she to do.

> If for some cause ye may not yet make plain,
> Yearning to strike, ye stood as one may stand
> Who in a nightmare sees a murder planned,
> And hurrying to its issue, and though fain
> To stay the knife, and fearless, must remain
> Madly inert, held fast by ghostly band.
> If such your plight, most helpless ye of men!
> *But if ye could and would not,* oh, what plea,
> Think ye, shall stand you at your trial, when
> The thunder cloud of witnesses shall loom,
> With ravished childhood on the seat of doom,
> At the Assizes of Eternity?

The news is very welcome which reaches us from Russia. It almost seems as if the Czar desired to give an earnest proof of his sincerity in urging the Macedonian reforms on the Sultan. This is clearly an instance of first taking the beam out of his own (his country's) eye. Not only has liberty of worship been denied in Russia, but liberty of conscience in other things, and the wastes of Siberia have been covered with the bones of the faithful. But now this is to end. Their sacrifice has not been in vain. The Czar has issued a decree granting freedom of worship to all his subjects, and secured a system of local self-government to villages and communes. The papers tell us that

> The Czar's edict is only a preliminary announcement of a series of reforms in contemplation. These reforms are pledged, but their details apparently are not yet decided upon. In brief, they contemplate the following:
> 1. Freedom of worship to all creeds.
> 2. Release of peasants from burdens of enforced labor.
> 3. Revision of the laws governing rural communities.
> 4. Inviolability of communal property to be maintained.
> 5. Reform in provincial governments and district administrations.

The transcendent significance of this to the Russian and the whole civilized world cannot be estimated. Time only can show. Meantime, all honor to the Czar! The Hague Tribunal was a promise of great things; this edict is the fulfillment of greater.

We wish to offer to the new Catholic Archbishop a very hearty welcome to Chicago. He comes in the name of a venerable church, and a religion that supplies some mighty inspirations. He represents withal

one of the most saintly men that has ever sat in the pontifical chair, and in his own character he is a man of power and valiant courage.

It was a brilliant spectacle, the reception of the Archbishop at the Church of the Holy Name the other night. The cathedral was flooded with light supernal and earthly. The Archbishop, clothed in his full robes, all but the pallium, was escorted by a long procession of priests, some of whom held above him a gold embroidered canopy. As he passed along, the people bowed themselves, and he gave them his blessing. The scene was impressive. It was enough to make our Catholic-Episcopal friends green with envy. Here, one felt, was the real thing, and not a mere sham, and make believe and spurious imitation. Here was the true apostolic succession, and possession of the church, if such things be. But how unlike the *in forma pauperis* that stoops to wash the saints' feet!

It has been said that priestism came into existence when men first began to think. It will pass out of existence when they have thought a little more. "Let men but think, and priests, as priests, are priests no more."

Racial Suicide, or—Murder?

President Eliot has rendered a public service in calling attention to the small birth-rate among the educated and cultured classes of America. He has found that 28 per cent of the surviving members of the Harvard classes of '72 to '77 inclusive are unmarried, and that those who are married have, on an average, only two children living. As the number of children exactly equals the number of parents, the net result is a decrease of 28 per cent. President Eliot's statement is strikingly confirmed by the returns from other colleges. In a recent article in the *Yale Alumni Weekly,* taking a period of sixty-nine years for the inquiry, the summary shows a progressive and rapid decrease of the offspring of Yale graduate marriages. If the deaths of childfen are allowed for, President Eliot's statement is so nearly sustained that it may practically be treated as a fact, and as a fact more ominous if the average of diminishing Yale families has continued true in the last twenty-five years.

The returns from the churches are strangely confirmatory—certainly the churches of the well-to-do, educated class. That representative organ of the Episcopalian church—*The Living Church Annual*—draws attention to the large decline in recent years of infant baptism in the Episcopal Church. It says: "The number of infant baptisms has steadily declined for many years past. 765,556 communicants in 1902 brought to holy baptism 501 fewer infants than 485,921 communicants brought in 1889." And this is a church which makes baptism a sacred duty.

It is only fair to say that this is not peculiar to the Episcopal Church. Most ministers will tell—certainly ministers of cultured and wealthy congregations—that the birth-rate among their people is alarmingly low.

How is this? Why is this? Is it that education, advancing civilization, make the race less capable of bearing children? If we may trust what the physicians say, the cause is less natural than that. Dr. Shrader, an eminent physician in New York, says: "The fashionable woman of today does not want children. If she bears them she does not rear them properly, and they become sickly and die. That this aversion to children is rapidly spreading through all classes of society is generally recognized by the medical profession. It is true of the well-to-do everywhere in the country as well as in cities. The demands of society and the life of our people in flats, where the baby is more unwelcome than a dog, are among the factors responsible for this state of affairs, and I see no hope for the future."

What does that mean? It means that the Pharaohs and Herods who ordered the massacre of the innocents in ancient times are still living. They are not merely in the guise of men, but, more strangely still, in the guise of women. The horrible paganism of Greek and Roman civilization is not confined to days gone by. Nineteenth-twentieth century philosophy and Christianity can find excuses for this terrible tragedy.

One hesitates to speak on such a subject, or, if he does, he must speak under the veil of a dead language. But we ought to face the problem. The question is a vital one. Preventive checks on maternity naturally excite one's strongest moral repugnance. Some people call it prejudice. It is a perfectly healthy prejudice. We have only one name for the man or woman who shirks his or her natural responsibilities, and that is—coward!

But this matter has a national and a social bearing. "Racial Suicide," President Roosevelt calls it, "partial or complete," and so it is. Said a lady of our acquaintance the other day: "The American women of today are too intellectual to bear children or to nurse children. They are too much taken up with higher things; they are too busy developing their minds. And what a good thing it is! When they resume their child-bearing in the next generation, what a brainy race we shall have!" The obvious question did not occur to this lady—where is the next generation to come from? Is Adam to be put to sleep again? Is he to give up another rib? Where will the brainy American woman come in? We have evidence on this matter, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. One European nation, the French, has succeeded in keeping in check its population, with what result? That a brainy, intellectual, spiritually refined, highly moral and civilized race is being produced? If we may trust the writers of that nation, the very reverse is the result. M. B. Baudrillart in his book on Normandy, that in reference to the Department of the Eure, where the population has been kept in check, while it is the least cultivated district in France and enjoys considerable commercial prosperity, the general happiness promised is not found. This department comes first in statistics of crime; one-third of these crimes are indecent outrages; another third are paltry thefts; and infanticide is rife. And it must necessarily be so. Saturn, who slew his children as soon as they were born, was not a very moral or spiritual god.

The same testimony is given by Zola. That much abused but true patriot of his country has told us of the very general practices of his countrymen. His novel Fruitfulness would be repulsive were it not so tragical. It is written in letters of blood. It gives us a picture of the demoralizing, dehumanizing tendencies that threaten not merely the existence of the race, but the very national, social fabric itself. And yet, it is not that there are not children born in France, only they are not born in homes to wedlock. There are three times as many illegitimate children born in France as are born in Ireland. The idea that a stationary and materially prosperous population will necessarily be free from vice, is disproved by experience. A stationary population is not a healthy condition of things in regard to its national life; it means the removal of a great stimulus to progress and goodness.

We are not defending the old superstition that if God sends mouths into the world he sends food to fill them. We are not advocating that paupers shall inflict their pauperism on society, and bring children into the world whom they cannot feed. There are certain people, or certain classes of people, who would be better if they thought a little more of their responsibility and exercised a little more foresight and prudence and self-restraint.

But these are not the people that are referred to. College statistics do not reflect on them. It is the educated, the well-to-do, the wealthy, the privileged, the advantaged class, that is threatened with extinction. They are able to feed their children. They have no need to be anxious or concerned as to whether they can bring them up or settle them comfortably in the world. Are we to think that they are really concerned? Is it prudence and foresight and self-restraint which cause the educated and well-to-do to limit the increase of their race? They are limiting it at the expense of the commonwealth. They are handing over the future of this nation to the ignorant and uneducated, to the pauper class that fills the country with pauperism. The rights and privileges which their fathers secured for them at the cost of great sacrifice, they are throwing away for the sake of some fancied gain. The sacred birthright which they should pass on to children, they are transmitting to the foreigner and alien. Meantime their crime is followed by its shadow—the increasing prevalence of vice, and the social and moral ruin of tens of thousands of men and women.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the place and function of the family. The highest product of civilization it is the most efficient means of civilization—not merely as a physiological fact, but as a social, ethical and spiritual fact. The child is the secret of the family, and the family the secret of society. The struggle for individual existence gave way to an unselfish protection of the family; love of the family gave birth to loyalty of the tribe; tribal loyalty widens into national patriotism; and patriotism is transmuted into enthusiasm for our race. The family, therefore, becomes the keystone of the arch on which humanity rests. The man who would tamper with it is an enemy to mankind. He is a traitor to God, a traitor to man. And to plot against the family should be greater treason than to plot against Emperors or Presidents.

Let that man—let that woman—be anathema!

A. L.

Editorial Correspondence.

Dear Unity:

When I left Chicago on the 2nd instant, I was charged to leave all editorial cares behind me, with the ample assurance that my associates would keep the columns filled with fresh and refreshing matter; still the old habit is upon me, and now, with an hour on my hands, before I leave the "City of the Angels," I am moved to send a word back to Unity and through Unity to the larger household to which it is my joy to belong.

I took the "Rock Island Route," because it was a more southerly way over the mountains, and the snow storms were menacing to the westward, but even the southerly route did not escape the white blanket, and the boasted "three-day trip" was lengthened into five days and a half, on account of the "snows ahead." Away down in Santa Rosa, N. M., we found five passenger trains,—three of them the boasted Golden State Limited,—sidetracked, with the food supply doubtful and the water supply already scant. It was a striking enforcement of the unexpected reality that the line between luxury and penury in modern civilization is always a narrow one. The millionaire on the "Golden Gate," where nothing but "hard cash and first-class tickets obtained," according to the porter, was reduced to the same anxieties as the "second-class ticket man" in the tourist car.

But the sun worked faster than the Mexican men with their shovels, and the snow blockade was always "ahead" and usually gone before we reached it. The extra two days and a half were well spent in making the congenial acquaintances that are always available, and studying the striking scenery, which grew more interesting, at least to one traveler, as it grew more arid. The great cactus gardens of Arizona, with the columnar cactus trees rising thirty or more feet high amid the thickets of dagger plants, old man and melon cactus, was a sight which did not disappoint.

And then it was a good time to read books that under other circumstances would be laid aside. It was good preparation for California to turn the pages of the attractive book prepared by our friend Charles Keeler, for the "California Promotion Committee," "San Francisco and Thereabout." Here is just enough history to save it from being a guide-book, and enough of a guide-book to prepare the way for intelligent appreciation. The typography, illustrations and cover of this book are of such a character as to show what artistic skill is domesticated beyond the Rockies.

This was also a good time to read Gertrude Atherton's "The Splendid Idle Forties," for he who comes to California without a keen appreciation of the saintly pioneers who took possession of the desert wastes in the name of the cross, and scattered all along the coast and among the mountains the beautiful names in anticipation of the beauty that was to be realized later on by unexpected and unanticipated means, is poorly prepared to appreciate this citrous paradise into which

Southern California has been converted. The palatial residences and luxurious surroundings of the millionaires of less hospitable climes need also the background of the gold hunting and the desert hardships of the forty-niners. All this ancient history of California is delightfully reflected in Gertrude Atherton's book of short California stories, of which there are a baker's dozen. They are all full of local color and warm with the life of those times.

There was an aptness in the title of the last book in which UNITY readers will take special joy. "The Western Slope," by Celia Parker Woolley, arrived just in time to get into our bag, and this one copy served in a peculiar way the mission which must lurk at the heart of the writer. It ameliorated circumstances prone to be grim, softened the harsh corners, and smoothed the rugged edge of circumstances. All this it did for more than one storm-delayed traveler crossing the desert.

And what shall we say of "The Western Slope"? What can be said of a book which has so graciously and skillfully disarmed all criticism, anticipating the only possible objection, for does not the author herself, early in the book, recognize the danger of mistaking a literary creation for the actual experiences of life when she says, "having chosen my figure of speech, I feel bound to stand by it, fitting the facts to it as well as I can"; and certainly this book tempts one to create a "Western Slope" in life, even though to most lives there is none.

It is the healthy that talk of death, and those who are least conscious of old age are those who philosophize about it. Geniality is the most obvious characteristic of this book. Mrs. Woolley has chucked her friends into this volume in so gracious a way that they can scarcely resent it. The benignity with which she has surrounded them is a part of the plan; of course it is romancing, but aside from all this geniality there is a degree of sanity, a general level-headedness in her characterizations of the new pedagogy, Christian Science, Woman's Rights, The Help Problem, Municipal and Church Economics, that bespeaks careful work based on close observation, deliberate reflection, and the slight and incidental way in which each of these topics is touched indicates insight rather than argument. Here is no ground for controversy. If you do not like this book there is no harm done. If you do, and I think you will, you will tell your neighbor about it. It is probably a book that will be well read in many circles. Try it!

But what about the Congress of Religion? Of it another hand will write, and much of the wisdom and as many of the utterances as can be transferred to paper will eventually appear in UNITY. My readers will have probably read the program before you read these lines. With one single exception the program was literally carried out.

Measured by our standards it was in every way a successful Congress, a delightful surprise to the General Secretary, because he had nothing to do with the preparation of it,—thanks to the President, Dr. Thomas, and his wife, who had been on the ground for a month before, and special thanks to Madame Severance and George N. Falconer, who worked out the details of the program. The meetings and the attendants were amply rewarded by the vigorous, earnest, and always sympathetic message that came from the lips of all the speakers.

The Woman's Club House proved to be an attractive place for the day meetings—it was genial, neutral ground—and the Jewish synagogue, as usual, was a good place to begin and end in, while the Jewish rabbi, as usual, proved the right man to speak the first and the last word. Of course there was the usual distrust and negative opposition. One devoted Baptist minister rejoiced in his Sunday morning sermon that the majority of the ministers of Los Angeles turned the "marble heart" to these "strolling sons of Siva," whom he characterized as "wolves in sheep's clothing, imps of Satan arrayed as angels of light, spreaders of sedition, mischief-makers and propagaters of heresy." Notwithstanding all this, as the program will show, there was a larger representation than usual of representatives of those who are labeled orthodox, though perhaps a smaller representation than usual of those distinctively labeled liberal on the platform and in the seats. Suffice it at this time to say that we worked out our program, each speaking his word in faith and love. We had constantly increasing audiences that responded with glowing hearts and oftentimes tear-bedewed eyes, and the collections and subscriptions were adequate to meet all local expenses and a little more.

Tomorrow morning Dr. and Mrs. Thomas and myself travel northward. Saturday and Sunday we will be at the Leland-Stanford University; the Sunday following, with the contiguous days, we will probably be in Sacramento; another week the Congress message will be spoken in Portland, and still another week we will be on Puget Sound, at Tacoma and Seattle, and by Easter day "ye editor" hopes to be in his place in pulpit and sanctum in Chicago. Perhaps more anon.

Yours in summerland,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 12, 1903.

Brown and Blue.

Oh, the brown, brown streams of March
  Are the blue, blue streams of May;
And they lilt along with a lighter laugh
  As they carol on their way.
They sprinkle the boulders brown
  With golden, shining spray:
They are artists, gilding the old gray world,—
  These sun-lighted streams of May.

And the brown, brown woods of March
  Are the green, green woods of May;
And they lift their arms with a freer swing
  And shake out their pennons gay.
And the brown, dead world of March
  Is the living world of to-day:
Life throbs and flushes and flashes out
  In the color and fragrance of May.

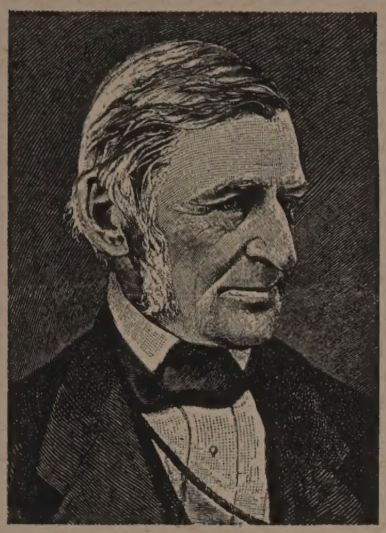
And the heart I carried in March,
  Under sullen clouds of gray,
Is another heart in its singing joy
  Under blue, blue skies of May;
For sorrow has vanished like mist
  Which fresh winds blow away,
And love is blooming with all bright things
  In the light and glory of May.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



VI.

(Copyright.)

Emerson.

Dweller upon the heights
  Far reaching and sublime,
On whose uncovered peaks
  No clouds of passing time
Shut down, nor shadowed spell
  Weaves in its darker thread
'Mong golden warp and woof,
  Where'er thy thought hath led.

Thy hope doth anchor men
  To things most truly just!
Breaking their slavish chains,
  Freeing from sordid rust,
So dost thou lead the train
  Of struggling thoughts of mine
Upward, slowly upward
  To grander thought of thine.

Minneapolis, Minn. Edson B. Russell.

The Emerson Centennial.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

By John White Chadwick.

Emerson at his best is Emerson in the Divinity School Address of July 15, 1838. He is not here in his entirety; there is another side. And this other side we could ill spare, the shrewd Yankee side, the moral aphorist, a common-sense as hard and keen and practical as Franklin's own. More painful would it be to lose the variations of the ethical note, which sounds so clear in the Address, in such other things as the Essays on Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws and Fate; the last, one of the most notable expressions of Emerson's ethical genius. But, lacking these variations we should still have the dominant note in the Address, sublimed to an expression which he was nowhere to exceed, and blending with another, that of religious thought and feeling, in his happiest manner.

The time was suitable to the event. The day of the Address was the midday of the refulgent summer, and it found Emerson *"mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,"* thirty-five years old, exactly the age of Channing when, in 1815, he fired the shot heard round the small New England world, and echoing far beyond. But in 1838 Emerson had already put forth two highly characteristic things, the "Nature" of 1836 and the Phi-Beta Address of 1837, which in many opinions contends with the Divinity School Address as worthy of the highest praise. They had the accent of a greater novelty. They said the good things of the School Address before it, to a pronounced degree. Perhaps the Phi Beta Address has had more distinguished recognition than the Address of the following year. Dr. Holmes has called it our Intellectual Declaration of Independence. The circumstance of this was perhaps more high and poetic. It was certainly more public and, at the time, much more of an event. Lowell, who ranged himself with the scoffers at the Divinity School Address (in his class-day poem), says that the Phi Beta Address was "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene always to be treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent." During the following winter Emerson delivered a course of lectures in Boston in pursuance of a lecture habit now definitely formed. In Parker's phrasing, "The brilliant genuis of Emerson rose in the winter nights and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up at that great new star, a beauty and a mystery which charmed for the moment while it also gave perennial inspiration, as it led them forward along new paths and towards new hopes." From one lecture to another, in the winter of '37-'38, the concourse grew, the weather proving steadily propitious, until the lectures brought together five hundred or more persons. With this growing fame the Divinity School Address might have had the éclat of the Phi Beta had the occasion been equally public. But it was only semi-public, if it was even that. The Address,—a "kind of sermon" he describes it to Carlyle,—was delivered in the Divinity School Chapel, to which pilgrims may now repair and see how small a manger cradled the wondrous child. There is a beggerly array of some twenty benches, uncushioned pews, in one of which I had my special corner for three happy years. The Address was delivered, Mr. Cabot says, "in the presence of several persons besides the students." These students of the graduating class were a group of seven, like that so much insisted on by Wordsworth's little maid. The two lower classes, if they stayed to hear, added a dozen more, one of them Mr. Dall, the high-souled missionary to India, a second the "border saint" John H. Heywood, a third, perhaps with Margaret's beauty already budding in his mind, Sylvester Judd. There were a few others, for certain Henry Ware, Jr., a Professor in the School; young Theodore Parker, from his Roxbury parish; and Elizabeth Peabody of kindergarten and much other happy fame. Dr. Bartol was there also and remembered Emerson's prayer "which had in it no pronouns" and was hence pronounced to be no prayer by some forgotten saint. When all were counted, the seating capacity of the room, equal to a company of fifty or sixty persons, was not severely taxed. Probably there were "seas of silence round each separate star."

The Address, says Mr. Cabot, "seems to have been struck off at a heat and is the only one of Emerson's writings upon which he began by making a regular division of his topics into heads." It seems to me that Emerson's Essays and Addresses generally have more coherency and ordinance than is commonly ascribed to them. The Dartmouth Address, written or delivered, in the same month

with the Divinity School sermon, is hardly inferior to it in this respect, and this may be said of several others. The scrap-bag method grew on him as time went on, until it seemed sometimes that instead of having dexterously arranged the sheets of his discourse he had sinisterly shuffled them; though sometimes where there is no formal arrangement there is much organic unity.

"These [essays] grew as grows the grass.

But the Divinity School Address is certainly of all his Essays and Addresses the most orderly and coherent and progressive. When Mr. Cabot tells us that it was "struck off at a heat," his phrase must not be worked too hard. Emerson had full faith in spontaneity; but there must be antecedent drudgery, and he saw this also: "The oracle comes," he says, "because we had previously laid seige to the shrine." "It seems," he said, "as if the law of the intellect resembled that law of nature by which we now inspire and now expire the breath; by which the heart now draws in and then hurls out the blood." Much inspiration preceded the expiration of that summer day; much blood was drawn in, to be hurled forth in that lyric strain. Just before the invitation came in June, he wrote in his journal, "I ought to sit and think and then write a discourse to the American clergy, showing them the ugliness and unprofitableness of theology and the churches at this day and the glory and sweetness of the moral nature, out of whose pale they are almost wholly shut." Long before this there were signs and portents of the great Address. "Far off its coming shines." In "The American Scholar": The man never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side of this unbounded, this unboundable empire. It is one soul that animates all men." In "Nature" also: "The soul is very incurious concerning persons or miracles; and, not at all disturbed by chasms of historical evidence, it accepts from God the phenomenon, as it finds it, as the pure and awful form of religion in this world." Indeed the Address was probably as long in the making as "Nature" of which he wrote in 1833, "I like my book about Nature," and then took three years to finish it, sixty-six pages in all, such compression as of an electric storm in one clear drop of dew. Could we look through Emerson's journals from 1832 to 1838 we should probably find much of the Divinity School Address; of its essence more than of its ultimate form. One note continually recurs—the lack of reality in the contemporary expression of religion. "Our quoting of Scripture seems to deny the omnipresence, the eternity of God. Once he spoke through good men these special words. Now if we have ought high and holy to do, we must wrench somehow their words to speak it in. Humbly rather let us go and ask God's leave to use the hour anl language that now is." In 1834 he writes of the miracles ascribed to Jesus. "I suppose he wrought them." But if they were discredited he would be well content to lose them. "Indeed, I should be glad." He would merely lose an argument with those whom he should never seek to convince.

"They think that God causes a miracle to make men stare and then says 'Here is truth.' They do not and will not perceive that it is to distrust the deity of truth, its invincible beauty, to do God a high dishonor, so to depict him. They represent the old trumpery of God sending a messenger to raise man from his low estate. Well, then he must have credentials and the miracle is the credentials. I answer, God sends us messengers always. I am surrounded by messengers of God, who send me credentials day by day. Jesus is not a solitary, but a still lovely herald."

Musing in this fashion the fire within him burned with ever purer flame. There was such bright reflection of it in one of his first Boston lectures, which had Religion for its subject, that some of the straighter laced were made uncomfortable and Emerson, who hated to intrude his thought, suggested the withdrawal of the lecture from the course, when he was to give this in Providence, but the young men of that city showed him a more excellent way. What resemblance this lecture bore to the Divinity School Address, we cannot perfectly make out, because it was not included as were others of the course in the first volume of Essays. From Mr. Cabot's summary of it in his "Appendix F" we infer that the resemblance was considerable in parts, but that the lecture was something very different from the Address in its climacteric simplicity and unity.

Of simplicity there was certainly no lack in the general structure of this, if here and there a sentence dashed away on an eccentric curve. The main purpose was plainly enough that of the discourse which had possessed his meditative hours: to show the ugliness and unprofitableness of the contemporary churches and theology and the glory and sweetness of the moral nature out of whose pale he found these almost wholly shut. To engage the sympathy of his auditors nothing could have been better than the first lyrical paragraph which we all know so well. But the picture and poem of the summer's pageantry were made so beautiful only to show over against them the more entrancing beauty of the laws which traverse the universe and make things what they are. Then shrinks the great world into a mere illustration and fable of the comprehending mind,—a thought to which he recurs so often that it is not so much Emerson's as Emerson. But even more wonderful than the apprehension of law is the sentiment of virtue which is "a reverence and delight in the presence of the divine laws" and is "the essence of all religion." This moral sentiment is an intuition and the intuition is an insight into the laws of the soul, which execute themselves, which are not subject to circumstance, whose retributions are instant and entire. "If a man is at heart just, then in so far he is God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice." We say that Emerson was master of the sentence but that his essays and lectures, even his paragraphs, lacked, as Matthew Arnold charged, "wholeness of tissue," structural unity. But this Address impresses me as "one entire and perfect chrysolite," and paragraphs more definite in their genesis and exodus than those illustrative of the intrinsic energy of the moral law working everywhere its retributions and rewards I could not wish to see.

From this omnipresence and inerrancy of the inherent law he passes to "the sublime creed that the world is not the product of manifold power but of one will, of one mind" which mind and will are everywhere, and balk and baffle everything that encounters them. "All things proceed out of the spirit and all conspire with it." The perception of this law of laws awakens in the mind the religious sentiment, which makes our highest happiness. "It is a mountain air. It is the embalmer of the world. . . . It makes the sky and the hills sublime and it is the silent song of the stars." It is divine and deifying. It is the beatitude of man. It lies at the foundation of society and creates all forms of worship. Reaching its purest expression in Palestine, it was not confined to that region.

And something, not nothing, has responded to the ancient seers. There is the one spirit everywhere. "The unique impression of Jesus upon mankind, whose name is not so much written as ploughed into the world, is proof of the subtle virtue of the infusion."

So much for the positive truth and illustration. The next step brings us to the heart of the whole matter, viz., that this truth, beatitude, divinity of man, is guarded by one stern condition. "It cannot be received at second hand. Truly speaking it is not instruction but provocation that I can receive from another soul." Here is the king-pin of the Address, the central orb around which its planetary lights and wandering comets all revolve. Let this faith in the immediateness and one's-ownness of the religious sentiment depart, "and the very words it spake and the things it made, become false and hurtful. Then falls the church, the state, art, letters, life. Once man was all, now he is an appendage, a nuisance." "The divine nature is attributed to one or two persons and denied to all the rest and denied with fury . . . Miracles, prophecy, poetry, the ideal life, the holy life, exist as ancient history merely."

So far Emerson counted on general assent. He expected dissidence when he turned for illustration of the second-handness and unreality of religion to the history of the Christian Church and to the Christianity of the time. He would however endeavor to discharge the duty of the hour by pointing out two errors in the administration of Christianity which, from his point of view, daily appeared more gross. But upon the threshold of this venture he bared his head in the presence of Jesus and paid to him a tribute of reverence before which all contemporary praises pale their ineffectual fires. He "belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it and had his being there. Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotion 'I am divine.'" More of exaggeration here than of disparagement. It was what followed that provoked to wrath and bitterness; especially where he said that Miracle as pronounced by Christian Churches meant Monster, and proceeded to specify the two defects of Christianity in history and in its contemporary form. The first was the exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. Christianity "has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." I suppose no other sentence of Emerson's brought on him so much animadversion as the next following. "The soul knows no persons." Many conceived it as a denial of the personality of God, when it was of men and of men only that he spoke. We get his meaning in the lecture called "The Transcendentalist." "The spiritual measure of inspiration is the depth of the thought and never who said it." And again in the Essay called "Circles" where he quotes "the brave text of Paul's" "Then shall also the Son be subject unto Him who put all things under him, that God may be all in all;" and says "Let the claims and virtues of persons be never so great and welcome, the instinct of man presses eagerly forward to the impersonal and illimitable and gladly arms itself against the dogmatism of bigots with this generous word out of the book itself." But let us resume the course of the Address. He said "By this Eastern Monarchy of a Christianity which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the enemy of man." When the Address was printed Elizabeth Peabody pleaded for a big initial "F" to "friend of man." "No," said Emerson, "if I should do that they would all go to sleep." The indictment of this "noxious exaggeration of the person of Jesus" covers several pages of the printed book. Here and there are sentences that cut like swords or stuck like burs, as when he said "To aim to convert a man by miracles is a profanation of the soul." He was standing up for Jesus as well as for mankind, insisting that by his singularity he was shorn of the locks of beauty and the attributes of heaven. "Do not," he said, "degrade the life and dialogues of Jesus out of the circle of this charm, by insulation and peculiarity. Let them lie as they befel, alive and warm, part of human life and of the landscape and of the cheerful day."

The second defect of Christian usage which he named was that the moral nature, that Law of laws, was not explored as the fountain of religious truth. "Men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead." Much of what follows is a celebration of the dignity and glory of the preacher's office when it is rightly entertained, an accusation of its habitual pettiness and meanness and formality. The preacher must be first of all a man. "Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he can give who has; only he can create who is." It is a far cry from this to the sacramental doctrine that the office cannot be tainted by any individual corruption and that the Popes whom Dante very properly consigned to hell were God's vicegerents upon earth. As the Address drew to its close there was such admonition for the young men whom he addressed as must have made their hearts leap up like flame. No preacher could do better than to read it once or many times a year. It was first of all that they should go alone, "refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men and dare to love God without mediator or veil." "Yourself," he said, "a new born bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity and acquaint men at first hand with Deity." "What hinders that now, everywhere, in pulpits, in lecture rooms, in houses or fields, wherever the invitation of men or your own occasions lead you, you speak the very truth, as your life and conscience teach it, and cheer the waiting, fainting hearts of men with new hope and new revelation." It all comes round to this—a summons to the uttermost sincerity, a proclamation of the foolishness and wickedness of a gospel that is not first lived then preached; to the conclusion that the preacher whose sacrifice is vicarious, whose religion is authority and hearsay and tradition, cannot hush too soon.

Another lyrical passage brought the Address to a right end. Why do I say "another," when it was all lyrical from the first lovely passage to the last? "I look for the new Teacher who shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy." Had not the speaker's modesty been equal to his inspiration, he might have added, "I that speak unto you am he."

Sixty-four summers have lavished bloom and beauty on the world since that which bore this sweet and perfect flower. It still has, I think, a wonderful fragrance. The understanding here and there may make its deduction from the poetical philosophy of the preacher; the substance of his message has withstood the storm of time. Much of his thought we have so assimilated that its

strangeness to his contemporaries seems to us the strangest thing of all. But what was true then is still true: "The need of revelation [of new truth] was never greater than now." There is too little open vision. The preacher's office, now as then, is too often a conveniency, a commodity, a formality. It is still far enough from the reality for which Emerson stood up consciously as a witness; unconsciously as an example. Our religion has too little assurance that God is, not merely was. It is by no means sure that a presentation of religion as penetrating and sincere as that of Emerson's Address would not excite as much angry opposition now as that did in its day, nor that some of us who think ourselves emancipated spirits would not withhold our sympathy or find ourselves entangled in a panic-stricken crowd. It is even possible that some of us are harking back to Emerson when, if truer to his inspiration, we should be listening to the Present God.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXAGGERATION.

Proverbs or Verses.

"Exaggeration is to paint a snake and to add legs."—*Chinese Proverb.*

"Exaggeration is a blood relation to Falsehood."

"We weaken what we exaggerate."—*La Harpe.*

"Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth."—*St. Paul.*

"A man may say too much even on the best of subjects."

"A man of all tongue is dangerous in his city."

"He who says what he likes hears what he does not like."

"It is good speaking that improves good silence."

"It is one thing to speak much and another to speak pertinently."

"Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming."

"Speech is a gift of all, but thought of few."—*Cato.*

"Thistles and thorns prick sore,
But evil tongues prick more."

"The tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to all who sit near him."

Dialogue.

Did you ever know of a case where a number of persons came home after witnessing some occurrence, and in describing what they saw, failed to tell it exactly alike? Do you think that ever happens?

"Yes," you assure me, "that is quite sure to happen every time if a number of people try to give an account of the same event." And what is the reason for it? Do they make up the whole story?

"No," you assert. What, then, is the cause of the confusion? "Well, to begin with," you say, "they may not all have observed carefully or seen everything which occurred." Yes, that is one explanation; just carelessness in noticing what took place.

But what made them give the whole account quite as if they had seen it precisely as it happened? Why should they not confess that they had not watched it carefully?

"Oh," you answer, "if they had been so frank then people would not have listened to them or paid much attention to their story. Hence they tell it just as if they had seen it all.

But is there any other reason why they should not agree in their account? "Yes," you continue, "it might be that they had not been in the same positions, and each one had seen only a part of what took place, or seen it from a different side."

Then was their account inaccurate or untrue? "No, not exactly," you admit; "they each described what they *saw.*" Why do you put in the word "exactly?" "Well," you reply, "they might have explained that, and told how they had seen it only from one side."

Would the omission be intentional, do you think? "Not necessarily," you tell me, "they could forget to mention it."

But suppose they do not *forget* in the matter. What other motive might they have? "Oh," you add, "it would spoil their story."

When several persons describe an event and their accounts do not agree, which account is liable to be the most interesting? "Why," you explain, "the one that has most excitement to it, the most variety, the one that is best told."

In the several accounts, on the other hand, which one would be the most liable to be accurately true, the one which was the most interesting and told with exciting features, or the one which would be tame and not attract so much attention?

"Well," you assume, "we must admit that in all probability the tame one would probably be the more correct."

But why? "To begin with," you say, "everything that happens might not be exciting or have anything exciting about it." But is that the only reason? I ask. "No," you add further, "the fact of it is, a good many people have a way of dressing up their story so as to make it interesting to people, and not telling it exactly as it happened."

And what do we call such a habit? "Oh, it is exaggeration," you say. Yes, you are right.

Would you really assume that people do this deliberately? Do they consciously tell a lie? Are they clearly aware that they have left a part of their story out, or added something to it? "No, perhaps it is not quite so bad as that," you hesitate.

How do you explain it, then? What is it done for? "Why," you point out, "they may want to make their story interesting, to have people listen to them. They are anxious to attract attention to themselves."

You mean that in doing this they dress up the story or the event, using words which make it striking, but are not exactly true in the account? "Yes, that is about it," you reply.

But if it is not done consicously or deliberately, with the idea of telling a lie, how is it possible that they can do this and not be aware of what they are doing.

"Why, for instance," you suggest, "it becomes a sort of habit, so that by and by they forget exactly what did take place, or they purposely may not look very carefully. And so when they are telling their story, they do not exactly know whether they are right or not in what they are describing."

Take a number of persons in this way, say half a dozen boys and girls accustomed to repeating what they have heard. If they do not all give the same account, will it so happen that sometimes it will be one of these people who tells the thing accurately, and another time another, and a third time a third, just as a matter of accident?

"Oh, no," you assert, "not by any manner of means." How is it then? "Why," you add, "usually it is the same person who tells it correctly, and the same person who exaggerates it."

Then why is it that such persons who habitually exaggerate, are not found out in what they say, or in the way they describe things? "But they are found out," you tell me, "people always distinguish between those who exaggerate and those who are careful in their reports of what they see."

In that case, how do we usually treat the reports of such persons who are inclined to give a careless account in order to make it interesting? Do we put confidence in it, and do we feel perfectly safe in repeating

it to others in the same way? "No," you add, "on the contrary we are always a little doubtful about it."

Doubtful about the whole story, do you mean? "No, not that." You do not mean that the person actually lies? "No," you answer.

Doubtful about what, then? "Oh, about the exciting part of the story, or the details of it. We may not know exactly what took place, but we take it for granted that something of the kind happened."

Then do you remember a proverb or phrase that is used with regard to such persons whose word we can never quite trust, although we know that they do not mean to tell lies? It is something about "salt." Can you recall it? "Take it with a grain of salt." Yes, that is the phrase.

There are a great many persons whose stories or accounts we always have to take "with a grain of salt." And what does that mean?

Salt is something we use in flavoring. What point is there in such a proverb? "Why," you explain, "we are obliged to flavor their account, or modify it by our own judgment in deciding how far we can trust their word. Or we must flavor it with somebody else's report."

It implies, then, does it, that we must always qualify such persons' accounts, and never take them quite as they are? I suspect that is true.

Do you suppose, however, that people usually know that they have this habit of exaggeration? "Not always," you say.

You assume, do you, that they may continue dressing up their stories, while other people take everything they say with a grain of salt, and yet they may not know about this. Yes, that is quite possible. But why is it that others do not tell them?

"Oh," you answer, "it may hurt their feelings. And then besides," you add, "probably it would not do any good. They would go on telling their stories in that way just the same."

But would they care? Would it worry them, if people did not put confidence in what they told? "Yes," you say, "they would not like that at all. But they would have the habit and it would probably go on as before."

What subjects, by the way, more often tempt us to exaggerate?. For instance: Suppose it is something which has happened to a person, or on the other hand, an accident which has happened merely to an object at our door. Which circumstance are we more inclined to exaggerate?

"Well," you admit, "perhaps we are more tempted in what we tell about persons." Yes, I suspect you are right.

But what do we call this talking about persons, reporting what we see or hear in regard to them? You know the word; a short one of two syllables, beginning with "g." "Gossip." Yes, that is it.

And do you see that it is especially in gossip, this talking about people, where men and women, boys and girls, all alike, are most inclined to forget to tell the exact truth?

But further, in which case are we liable to be more careless or to exaggerate—in reporting what a person did, or in reporting what a person said? "Well," you answer, "perhaps in reporting what a person said."

But why? "Oh," you add, "it is not so easy to remember. We cannot preserve the exact words." Have you ever noticed how the same person will repeat what he heard another man say, or another woman say, three different times, and in no instance tell it the same way or in the same words?

Is not this a little strange? Don't you think it a pity that we are not more careful about trying to be exact in reporting the language of other persons?

What if we are telling something about somebody whom we do not like; or, on the other hand, about some person that we are fond of; in which instance are we more inclined to exaggerate, to make the bad side still worse?

"Oh," you say, "it is where we tell about persons we do not like." Have you ever observed how, in reporting what we have seen a man or a woman do, we may also add the reason for it, exactly as if they had told it to us? And yet they may not have mentioned it to us at all. We just merely guess it according to the way we like or dislike them.

Perhaps by this time you begin to think that the habit of exaggeration is a very easy habit to fall into, and if you think so, I am quite sure you are right.

It is very hard indeed, even for good, honest people not to have something of this habit. Even the best persons may show it now and then. They will insert in more than they see, or more than they hear.

And there is one other bad form of exaggeration. In telling what another person said, is it merely the words we repeat? Would it be possible to report the exact words, even to a punctuation mark, and yet give an entirely wrong impression about the whole statement? "Yes, that might be posisble," you confess. One can put a look on one's face, or assume a certain expression of the voice, and change the whole meaning." And what would you call that? "More of the same thing," you say, "more exaggeration."

Points of the Lesson.

I. That many people have a way of not reporting an event exactly as they saw it or heard it, because of the habit of exaggeration.

II. That people exaggerate in order to make a story interesting and so fall into the habit of not seeing or hearing anything carefully.

III. That people who exaggerate, are usually known and distrusted in what they have to say.

IV. That we are more liable to exaggerate in what we report about persons than about things; and in what we tell about people we dislike than about those we like.

V. That we are most liable to be careless in reporting what other people say, because of the difficulty of remembering precise language.

VI. That exaggeration at first may be unintentional; but by and by it may lead to conscious deception and afterwards to the downright lie.

Duties.

I. In reporting what we see or hear, we ought to try and describe it exactly as we saw it or heard it.

RHYMES.—"Two ears and one mouth have you."

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: Uninteresting as this lesson may be to young people, it is, of course, most important. On the other hand, the teacher will have to be careful, owing to the fact that the parents of the children may have this habit, and the discussion may set the children to watching their parents and criticising them. But the evil is so great and the tendency so striking, that we must fight it. Owing to the dangerous influence the habit exerts on the whole character, it would be well for the teacher to collect a number of instances and repeat them to the members of the class. It could also be pointed out how very hard it is even for the careful observer to see what actually comes before his eyes. On this account we may warn the young people against being too ready to dispute others, or in being so sure of what they have seen themselves. If the teacher cares to look for illustrations in this matter, he will find them to a remarkable degree in some of the volume of the "Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research." It may be rather hard for the members of the class to understand that they must not be too sure of trusting their own eyes. Yet on the whole it would be well to show them the many ways by which one can be careless, first in what one observes and afterwards still more in reporting upon it. The disposition to "dress up" a story, in order to make it entertaining, is certainly growing on human nature. It might be well, therefore, to find an instance where there are four or five reports of the same event, and have those reports read to the class, showing how they disagree.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Hibbert Journal.*

The second number of the *Hibbert Journal,* the new quarterly review of religion, theology, and philosophy established by the Hibbert Trustees in England, is at hand, and more than justifies the expectations awakened by the first issue. For its leading article appears the conclusion of the very striking paper in the October number, on "The Outstanding Controversy Between Science and Faith," by Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of Birmingham University, and a scientist of note. It is entitled "The Reconciliation Between Science and Faith," and should be read by all those thinkers who suppose that science has had the last word to say in the controversy which is still, as the author shows, a real one. But "the region of Religion and the region of a completer Science are one," is his conclusion.

Another notable article is that by Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, the well-known Jewish scholar and writer, upon "Christian Scholarship and Jewish Silence." Its burden is that, with few honorable exceptions, the Christian scholars of the world practically ignore the deliverances of competent Jewish scholarship upon matters closely connected with the origins of Christianity, and thereby do great injustice to the older rabbinical religion and to present-day Judaism. It is a timely plea, forcibly put, and one would expect it to have an immediate effect. Other leading articles are those on "James Martineau: a Saint of Theism," by Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"); "The Present Attitude of Reflective Thought Toward Religion," by Professor Henry Jones, and "Aspects of the Moral Ideal—Old and New," by Professor Lewis Campbell.

There are sixteen pages of "Discussions" of articles in the previous number—an interesting feature—and a dozen able book reviews, headed by an elaborate study, almost an article in itself, by Dean Stubbs, of Ely, upon Stopford Brooke's recent "Poetry of Robert Browning." As we said when the first number of the *Hibbert Journal* appeared, the thoughtful minister or theological student who tries to do without it will miss more than he can afford to in these days of growing intelligence among our congregations. R. W. B.

Good Without God.

Suppose a man brought up in a crude and very conservative form of Christian belief. Suppose him breaking away from it absolutely and violently in later life; and at length building up from himself his own system of thought about life and its duties. Suppose him writing a book to justify his position and commend it to others, with a keen sense of the shortcomings of the religion of his youth, with small appreciation of its better side, with no conception of Christianity as steadily changing and progressing from year to year, with little delicacy or reverence, yet with a deep and sincere ethical purpose; and you can reconstruct the character of the present book in its main lines. It is one of a common type. The author declares that "the time has come for Rationalism not only to declare that men can be good without God, but to boldly maintain that no one can be truly good who believes in God." He examines the ethics of the Gospels, the examples of Jesus, and many of the customs of society. He would make radical innovations in the existing order. Though believing that evolution has been the method of the past, he apparently considers revolutionary methods preferable for the present and future. With much of the letter of what he says, we can cordially agree. With its general spirit and attitude we can not sympathize. He does not allow that Christianity has the right to progress or outgrow its past without disowning its name. We doubt whether books of this type can do much to effect their purpose. The writer himself seems to realize that they will persuade only those that are already persuaded, and antagonize the rest. We believe he is right. One must recognize that a better future is forever growing out of a worse past; one must appreciate the soul of goodness in things evil; one must see that the surest way to overcome the latter is to develop the germ of the former. This is the method of evolution, and it pervades and is slowly but surely transforming Christianity in all its phases. One whose impatience takes him too far in advance of the general movement, and out of sympathy with its tendency, may easily be pardoned; but he sacrifices his chance of helping it on and guiding it.

*The Hibbert Journal, Vol. 1, No. 2, January, 1903. Williams & Norgate, New York and London. 75 cents; $2.50 annally.

Good Without God: Robert C. Adams. New York: Peter Eckler. 1902. 12mo., pp. 113.

The Lippincott Company of Philadelphia has published a Southern novel of unusual character, called A Tar-Heeled Baron. This novel comes from Asheville, N. C., and is the work of Mrs. Clark Felton. The same house publishes a new novel by Vance Thompson, called The Spinners of Life. I think both of these novels will prove to be of interest and value to UNITY readers.

Bird Lore, for February, contains an account of the singular habits of the mound building birds of Australia, illustrated by photographs of the remarkable structures which these birds erect. There are also articles on taming wild birds; the results of the Christmas bird census, and a description of an anti-sparrow food shelf, which should find favor with bird lovers who detest the English sparrow.

The American monthly *Review of Reviews* has notable articles on A Great Citizen, meaning Abram S. Hewitt, who recently died in New York; another on the Present Status of Wireless Telegraphy; and another on The New Cables Across the Pacific. There is a very valuable article on the coal deposits of the Northwest. By all odds the most important article is The Discussion of Labor Unions and the Law. One of the leading articles of the month, reviewed, is a similar topic, discussed in the *Green Bag.* You should read these two articles together—and carefully.

From Funk & Wagnalls I have received a copy of The Extra-Canonical Life of Christ; by Rev. Dr. Pick. This is a very admirable compilation of everything that can be obtained from literature, outside of the Bible, concerning Jesus. There are two descriptions of Jesus, giving his personal appearance. Both of these describe him as exceedingly beautiful in countenance and of fine stature. It is very clear that the portraits given us of Jesus are conventional and incorrect. The price of this volume is $1.20.

The *World's Work* is current history, in the best form; and as such it should find a place in the library of every young man and woman. It will always be of the highest use for reference. I could give no better advice to a young collegian than to take, and to keep, the *World's Work* and the *Literary Digest.* Carefully bind every volume; for you will surely need them.

The *American Kitchen Magazine* ought to have a notice every month, if that would encourage its welcome into every household. Another capital magazine of the same class is *Good Housekeeping;* published by the Phelps Publishing Co., of Springfield,

Mass. It is a first-class family and household magazine.

I wonder what Ben Franklin would say if he could wake up, and find on his tombstone a copy of the *American Almanac;* published by the New York *American and Journal.* Here is an almanac of nearly 1,000 pages; printed on excellent paper, with clear type; and giving information on all possible topics—social, political, educational, musical, professional, statistical, and I know not what else. The book is highly illustrated, and bound in cloth. It is sold for the pittance of 50 cents. It is a cyclopedia and an atlas, as well as a scientific and political year book and almanac all in one.

Gabriel Tolliver is a story of Reconstruction Days in the South by Joel Chandler Harris. When I first dipped into this book, I was inclined to place it behind "The Making of a Statesman," by the same author; but a careful reading gives me a high opinion of the book. Although in one sense a complete novel, Mr. Harris cannot get rid of his habit of writing short stories. Every one of the chapters is a complete story by itself with a peculiar chapter unity. It could, with a little retouching, be taken out of its setting and published by itself. The multiplicity of character pictures, each one carefully drawn, is astonishing. These characters seem so natural, so simple, as to give the impression that the book is substantial history; and I think that it is. The object of the author is to portray the despicable character of carpet-bag rule which followed the Civil War. He has only told what a good many of us at the North found out. But in a few cases, I think he has overdrawn the picture. I do not believe any representative of the Freedmen's Bureau ever said to the negroes what is here quoted from them, on page 175. The third volume from McClure, Phillips & Co., is entitled From a Swedish Homestead; and consists of about a dozen most charming stories. These will, I think, please both old and young. My lady readers will thank me for calling attention to this book. It has a flavor that the critic cannot describe, but will be thoroughly relished.

Among the magazines, Lippincott's holds on much in the old way, never much disturbed by the changes of literary sentiment. A recent number gives us a good story by George Hyde Preston. Josiah Allen's wife gives us a characteristic story, called "Dr. Marsh's Fortunate Call." A good take off on book advertising tells us that "The publishers of The Mighty Atom report that they have been overwhelmed with orders for this book during the past few weeks, and that with few exceptions the demand did not seem to have been stimulated by the very recent appearance of another book, from the same author." It does not make any difference that this is a real advertisement of a real book; it is full of natural sarcasm.

Mr. Lippincott sends me two books of such unusual value that I shall only note them here and give them fuller consideration hereafter. They are "New York, Old and New," and "Social Life in the Early Republic." They are two of the most valuable books of the fall issues.

Burns's Daisy.

The gowan by the plowshare torn,
  And crushed to earth with broken sod,
By Burns's pity fresh was born,
  And held as in the hand of God!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

It takes two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear.—*Thoreau.*

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  Close with the evils that have to be fought!

While against heresy you are contending,
  Subtle distinctions of schisms or creed,
Children of men, a procession unending,
  Perish for want of the nurture they need.

Guides you would give them, and while you are choosing
  Uniform proper and watchword precise,
See the great battle to-day ye are losing
  Waged against ignorance, squalor, and vice.

Men we are wanting, not marked with a ticket—
  Wise in true knowledge and sympathy wide;
See that your door with its close-guarded wicket
  Leave not the best of the teachers outside.

Character, knowledge, and force make a nation:
  Choose by this test, setting quarrels aside.
"Educate?" What is your true education
  But to inspire, enlighten and guide?

—*P. E. M. in Westminster Gazette.*

Foreign Notes.

A QUESTION IN PRACTICAL ETHICS.—A correspondent of the *Union pour l'action morale* submits for discussion an interesting ethical question suggested by the newspaper announcement that the man who informed against the notorious Humbert family was an advocate and a member of the Royal Academy of Spain, M. Cotarelo. Already, said this article, one member of this academy, M. Carillo, has sent in his resignation, not wishing to associate with M. Cotarelo. Other members of the academy, it seems, intend to follow M. Carillo's example. So the informer will have gained, in addition to his $5,000, the contempt of his associates, who profess a righteous scorn for informers.

Still more striking was the information furnished by the same paper a few days later to the effect that when M. Cotarelo announced his intention to distribute that $5,000 among the poor, the indigent in his neighborhood declared in advance that they would not accept anything from such a source. For which they are commended.

Setting aside all question of the reliability of this report, the *Union's* correspondent asks what we are to think of this estimate of the act. That it is a very common estimate he admits. "I know plenty of people," he says, "who wonder that there can be any question about it," and he quotes the remark of one very respectable person, in many respects a good representative of the opinion of the bourgeois class: "For my part, I should never have wanted to inform against them even if they are guilty. I would rather have said to them: 'You are suspected; try to get out of here and go to be hung somewhere else if you must.'" To the suggestion that it was, nevertheless, both decent and useful to have criminals arrested, this man replied: "I don't say it is not, but all the same it is shocking on the part of a man *comme il faut.*"

Since there seems, then, to be at the bottom not merely a kindly sentiment, but an ethical idea—or what is supposed to be such—the question for discussion is the source or basis of this general reprobation of informers. Tattling children are

the aversion of their comrades, and are not generally well regarded even by their parents and teachers. "Is it," asks our French author, "because this disposition is always connected with egoism and ill-nature or maliciousness, so that we despise it as a symptom of graver defects? But this is by no means always the case. In fact, the tale-bearing of children often springs from a lively sense of justice, and the idea that each one ought to bear the responsibility for what he has done. Many very well disposed children are astonished that those who tell tales are blamed for it. Why is it wrong to tell the truth? And especially to one whose business it is to reward and to punish?

"The logical and ethical reason for this reprobation is certainly not clear. May it not rest mainly on a former condition of things? Many of our sentiments are survivals. Perhaps this one dates from the time when all power was based on force and ruled in its own interest rather than in that of the governed. Then one can understand that it was shameful to aid the police; that was to betray one's companions in servitude. 'Whoever is our master is our enemy.' That is still the state of mind of school children when they condemn tattlers. This solidarity is natural, and even commendable when there really is oppression. It goes without saying that under a tyrant—even an imaginary one—he who informs against his neighbor for his own advantage is a scoundrel.

"Admitting that the time when authority was selfishly exercised is not entirely that of the long ago, nevertheless, in spite of human shortcomings, our government is no longer that of a conqueror who curbs us; police and courts are not now the instruments of an oppressor. 'The principle of all sovereignty resides in the nation. No body, no individual, can exercise authority which does not spring from it. The law is the expression of the common will.'

"If we admit this, we must unlearn and cease to teach the romantic cult of the brigands. Liberty does not consist, as many people seem to believe, in being able to break public regulations with impunity. 'The man who lives according to reason,' said Spinoza, 'is freer in the state where he is subject to the common law than in solitude where he obeys no one but himself.' I believe indeed that those who would voluntarily aid, by *legalism*, a policeman to catch a thief, would also be most capable of firmly resisting, in case of need, the abuse of authority, while the undisciplined, on the contrary, would be very apt to slip quietly away at the first serious menace. It is the same spirit of social order and of justice which gives the purpose to make the law respected and the determination not to tolerate any usurpation.

"But our repugnance to causing the arrest of a criminal may have other causes. There is no doubt an instinct of moral cleanliness which makes us dislike to touch certain things. It seems to us fitting that there should be scavengers, but we would not care to follow their calling. In saying that the act of M. Cotarelo was not that of a man *comme il faut*, the individual I quoted a moment ago would seem to have had this thought. May we perhaps see there some remains of the old idea of hospitality? But this would not apply to many analogous cases, nor to that of children's tale-telling, which nevertheless rouses the same antipathy. Is it, then, that the culprit once caught by society seems so helpless before it that we pity him? Do we, perhaps, retain here some respect for equality, a regret for that barbarous individualism, which made it a point of honor to see justice done by one's own self, if necessary? That would be the same sentiment which honors reparation by arms, and despises recourse to the courts as too slow and too collective.

"I do not wish to draw any hasty conclusions, but in all this I see very little of an ethical element. The subject is nevertheless of some importance both socially and pedagogically. I would like to hear what others have to say on it."

So far the French critic. What do UNITY readers think about it? M. E. H.

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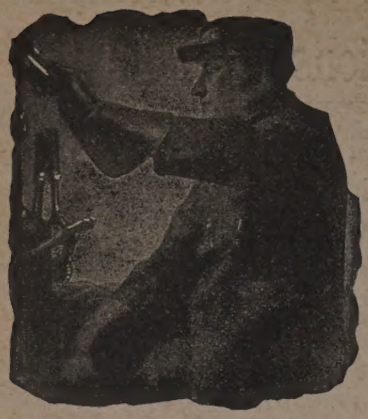

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